

The THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETIN

BULLETIN ONE HUNDRED ELEVEN

SPRING, 1970

THE 1970 ANNUAL MEETING

The 1970 Annual Meeting of The Thoreau Society will be held on Saturday, July 11 in the First Parish Meetinghouse in Concord, Mass. A coffee hour will begin at 9:30 A.M. in the Ladies Parlor. The business meeting will be called to order at 10:15 by President Charles Anderson. (For nominations of officers to be voted on, see the Winter, 1970 bulletin).

Mr. Anderson will deliver the presidential address on "Letters to the Gods: Miniatures from Thoreau's Journal." The speaker of the day will be Dr. Carl Swanson of John Hopkins University and the Marine Biological Institute at Wood's Hole, who will speak on Thoreau's Journal from the viewpoint of a "literary scientist."

A luncheon will be served at 12:30 P.M. in the church vestry. Tickets are \$2.50. Reservations must be accompanied by a check made out to The Thoreau Society, and mailed to Mrs. Charles D. (Patience Hosmer) MacPherson, 46 Nagog Hill Road, Acton, Mass. 01720. Deadline for reservations is Tuesday, July 7. The luncheon will be followed by the usual question hour. At 2:00 Mrs. Edmund Fenn will lead a walk in the area adjacent to Bate-man's Pond. (See the "Report from the Concord Walking Society" on the next page.) Afterward, about 3:00, there will be optional activities. A special Thoreau exhibit may be seen at the Concord Free Public Library where its new stack wing and Children's Room may be observed. The Thoreau Lyceum will have exceptionally fine exhibits; a wide variety of Thoreauviana will be available in the attractive salesroom. Robert Needham will conduct a walk in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. At 4:30 Mrs. Ruth R. Wheeler will conduct a visit to spectacular Fairhaven Cliff where the vista was a delight to Thoreau and his friends.

At 6:00 a box supper will be served on the lawn of The Thoreau Lyceum, 156 Belknap Street, adjacent to the precise replica of Thoreau's Walden house. Advance reservations necessary. Send check for \$1.50 made out to The Thoreau Foundation, Inc. and mail to the Curator, Mrs. Thomas W. McGrath, 156 Belknap St., Concord, 01742.

The evening program will begin at 8:00 in the Meetinghouse Hall of the First Parish Church. Mr. Frank Bramley of Lexington will project his exquisitely beautiful slides illustrating Thoreau's essay, "A Winter Walk". This will be followed by the playing of the widely acclaimed recording, "The Sounds of Concord". Installation of the new President will conclude a day to be remembered.

A feature of the day's experience will be observ-

The Thoreau Society, Inc. is an informal gathering of students and followers of Henry David Thoreau. Charles Anderson, Baltimore, Md., President; Robert Needham, Concord, Mass., Vice-President; and Walter Harding, State University, Geneseo, N.Y. 14454, Secretary-Treasurer. Annual membership, \$2.00; life membership, \$50.00. Address communications to the secretary.

ing the flower arrangements by Miss Mary Gail Fenn who recreates the beauty that Henry David Thoreau captured in prose. The flowers at the annual meeting this year will feature the Birches of Estabrook Country with special emphasis on Yellow Birch Swamp.



(Keith Martin)

IN MEMORIAM: MRS. HERBERT BUTTRICK HOSMER....WH

Mrs. Herbert Buttrick Hosmer (nee Gladys Eleanor Holden) died on February 28, 1970. Mrs. Hosmer, one of the most active of the Thoreau Society members, was vice-president of the society from 1955 to 1965, president of the society for 1965-1966, and a member of the executive committee from 1955 on. She was chairman of the Save Walden Committee from its inception and led the court battle which was finally won in 1960 when the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ruled that the Middlesex County Commissioners had no right to alter or destroy the shore and woodlands of Walden Pond. For many years the annual meeting of the executive committee of the Thoreau Society was held at her home at 22 Elm Street (the former Frank Sanborn home) in Concord on the evening before the society's annual meeting and all of those of us fortunate enough to attend those executive committee meetings continued on page 7

REPORT FROM THE CONCORD WALKING SOCIETY by Mary Fenn

A walk in the woods is in itself a delightful experience, and a walk with a companion even better. But to many of us, a walk in Concord woods with Thoreau would be the finest experience of all. Fortunately we may have this pleasure, for he was often explicit in his journals as to where he went and what he saw. Not only that, but he was apt to return to the same area several times from different approaches.

One of the walks he seems to have particularly enjoyed was to Bateman's Pond which lies on the edge of Estabrook Woods. Sometimes he would go out the Old Carlisle Road, turning west at the Estabrook cellar hole, then up over Curley Pate Hill and down past Paul Adams' place to the pond. Other times he would go by way of Hugh Cargill Road, past Farmer's Cliff and "Boze's" cellar hole and andromeda meadow.

But come with me on my favorite trail to Bateman's. Several miles out Lowell Road we leave our car at a red farm gate, then on foot cross an apple orchard. At the farther edge is a beautiful hidden wood road where the ground in June is carpeted with pink lady slippers. I always take a short by-pass which brings us out to a rugged outcropping of rocks standing on end. The wood road finally ends at the Hugh Cargill Road which Thoreau called The Road to Paul Adams'. Turning north we swing along on the pine-needle covered trail, passing the balanced rock, dipping down to skirt a swamp, then on higher land where we take an abrupt westerly direction and come out quite unexpectedly on a high ledge overlooking beautiful Bateman's Pond. As we stand on the steep rocky shore, we look down on a dark Calla Swamp on its northeasterly side, and the low meadows on the west. Behind us, slanting down to the water's edge is Cornus florida Ravine, where Thoreau found the Poly-podies he admired so much, and Woodsea ferns as well. Along the shore, amid the pickeral weeds and a few lily pads, are the rare water ferns called Marsillia, which resemble four-leaf clovers floating on the surface of the water.

Well, this is the walk to Bateman's Pond. Would you care to go there with me on the afternoon of the annual meeting?

LEONARD F. KLEINFELD - BIBLIOPHILE PAR EXCELLANCE
by I. Oelgart

Leonard F. Kleinfeld has been an exponent of Thoreau for over fifty years. He has worked to spread the ideas of Thoreau world wide. His energies have been devoted to helping students and scholars alike in research and understanding of Thoreau. His generosity to students, scholars and "Thoreau Institutions" can go without duplication.

He was born in Manhattan, New York, the oldest of seven children. Being the oldest, he had to set an example for the other children to follow; this meant many boyhood sacrifices. He was first introduced to Henry Thoreau in his late teens, through Cape Cod. He attended the public schools of New York and New York University. The major part of his education was in the University which A. Bronson Alcott attended a century before him -- the university of experience.

Mr. Kleinfeld for the past thirty years has been an importer-exporter which affords him opportunity for world travel. Through his world-wide meanderings he has helped start Thoreau groups in France, England,

Japan, Argentina, Channel Islands, Uruguay, and the two new groups in the working: New Zealand and India. At home in the United States he has been a long-time member of the Thoreau Society, Thoreau Lyceum and the New York Thoreau Group.

He has lectured world wide on Thoreau, compiled a Thoreau chronology, and has written many articles on Thoreau. He spent several years of research, including an excursion to the Channel Islands searching through parish records for The Thoreau Genealogy he did. He has written a one act play concerning Thoreau, "Stones for the Cairn".

Mr. Kleinfeld has been gathering Thoreau material for as long as he has known Thoreau. He has one of the largest Thoreau libraries, a total of over 5,000 individual pieces. His library contains books, articles, pamphlets, letters, micro-films, filmstrips, artifacts and memorabilia. He has over 30 first editions of Thoreau's works; he has 120 different editions of Walden in 16 languages. He has a first edition of A Week with the signature of Sophia Foord, one of the few known. He has stones from the Walden hut' and boards from the Texas house and many Thoreau pencils. He has a small collection of miniature books by Thoreau. He has many one-of-a-kind pieces that cannot be bought, there are just not others.

Mr. Kleinfeld works his generosity in a quiet manner; he tries to stay behind the headlines as much as possible. He has helped students and scholars in research and discussion. His library is always open to anyone who has a question or research problem. He has loaned books for exhibits on many occasions, and sends books abroad to be used for translations. Every Thoreau Institution knows his quiet generosity, his gifts of time, energy, enthusiasm, and books.

THOREAU AS A SEER by Arthur G. Volkman

In the Spring 1969 issue of the Thoreau Society Bulletin, the writer directed attention to the similitude between Thoreau's life and work, and that of the late Albert Schweitzer. It was pointed out that Thoreau was perhaps the exemplar, and one of his biographers the progenitor, of the philosophical slogan "Reverence for Life."

I would now like to further elaborate upon Thoreau's role as a seer or initiator.

Joseph Wood Krutch in the Prologue to his Great American Nature Writing states (p. 5): "Histories of English literature mention The Compleat Angler and The Natural History of Selborne as somehow sufficiently novel in form and spirit to make them almost unique in their time. Similar histories of American Literature generally devote considerably more space to Thoreau, in whom they recognize another uniqueness. Sometime, indeed, they acknowledge him as the immediate begetter of the whole subsequent school...." From this it may be deducted that Thoreau was instrumental in introducing the modern trend in nature writing.

It will be remembered that Henry Thoreau started a private school in Concord on September 10, 1838, and was joined by his brother John in this enterprise on March 11, 1839. This venture ended April 1, 1841, due to John's ill health.

Of this school Walter Harding writes in The Days of Henry Thoreau (p. 88): "The Thoreau school was a century ahead of its time. [*Italics mine.*]

Granted Bronson Alcott's famous Temple School had anticipated some of its innovations by a few years. But Alcott with his experimentation had brought the wrath of the community down on his head. The Thoreaus, on the other hand, although many of their innovations were more radical than those of Alcott, won acceptance." This passage speaks for itself in so far as Thoreau's contribution to modern education is concerned.

However, all of Thoreau's "firsts" were not limited to intellectual activities, but involved physical ones as well. In the late summer of 1846, he and a few others, made a journey to the Maine woods. One of Thoreau's objectives on the trip was to ascend Mt. Katahdin. But as the party got close to its top his companions faltered. As a consequence he was obliged to leave them behind, and climbed to the summit alone. It is alleged (Harding p. 210) that he was "probably the fifth or sixth man in history to reach it."

In the early 1850's Thoreau was much disturbed by the westward migration of men in search of easy wealth, and on February 27, 1853, wrote his friend Harrison G. O. Blake expressing his contempt for such means of acquiring riches. It reads in part: "...The whole enterprise of this nation, which is not an upward, but a westward one, toward Oregon, California, Japan, etc., is totally devoid of interest to me, whether performed on foot, or by the Pacific railroad.... What end do they propose to themselves beyond Japan? What aims more lofty have they than the prairie dogs." Hence Thoreau foresaw the expansion of the United States to the Orient, but he would still be at a loss (presently in common with many of us), to understand its purpose.

Little attention was paid to mental health during the first half of the 19th century, but Thoreau was not unaware of this lack. In The Week is found his comment on one aspect.

Why is it that the priest is never called to consult with the physician? It is because practically that matter is independent of spirit. But what is quackery? It is commonly an attempt to cure the diseases of a man by addressing his body alone. There is need of a physician who shall minister to both soul and body at once, that is, to man. Now he falls between two stools.

Considering his era Thoreau's observation was indeed perceptive. Currently certain prominent ministers are preaching and writing on the value of collaboration between clergy and doctors in the treatment of specific emotional disorders. Dr. Smiley Blanton, a leading psychiatrist, as well as other physicians practicing psychotherapy, are cognizant of Thoreau's pronouncement. Dr. Viktor E. Frankl in the concluding chapter of his recent book, The Doctor and the Soul (p. 219), puts it thus: "In the first chapter we endeavored to show that psychotherapy was in need of supplementing, that therapy should be extended to take in the spiritual sphere...."

These are only a few illustrations of Thoreau's accomplishments that bind him to the concepts of the Space Age, and seem to justify the conclusion that he breached the Century Gap, both literally and figuratively.

THOREAU IN CORITA SILK-SCREENS by Earl Hunsaker

Modern artists are more and more turning to the sayings of literary figures for subjects of their work and combining words and colors in original ways.

Recently Corita Kent, formerly Sister Mary Corita, sent a display of her silk-screen prints on tour of leading private American galleries. Included in her works are illustrations and quotations from such Americans as Thoreau, Cummings, Whitman, Frost, Kennedy, and King.

In 1950 Corita started her work in the silk-screen media and by 1954 words and the tendency for patterns of brilliant abstract colors as a matrix for words developed. Perhaps her new works were influenced by her year of study in Europe.

Her sources of verbal imagery are varied: advertising slogans, signs, headlines, folk music, quotations and the unlimited sources of mass communication which encompasses modern man. These images are often combined in a series of illustrations for alphabets of such diverse topics as the circus, the international signal code, and a variety of antique letters.

The most famous alphabet is "Damn Everything but the Circus." Letter "M" in the series has the "different drummer" quotation of Thoreau with an early style advertising hand holding a card announcing the price of admission to the circus. The "M" is both the money which has stilled the sounds of individual desire to put away materialistic toys and the very materialism that stifles the individual spirit.

A non-alphabet silk-screen in yellow, brown, and black reproduces the controversial Thoreau postage stamp on the left side of the print with a course material pattern of unevenly displayed dots like greatly enlarged newspaper photographs. The whole effect is of material slightly folded and overlayed at the corner. Over this background abstraction is the handwritten quotation from Walden: "I did not read the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work... I love a broad margin to my life...I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise to noon...." (The entire quotation is used uncut.) Superimposed over the text are the modern words, "Let the Sunshine In."

Although the silk-screens are limited to between one hundred and one hundred fifty copies and show painstaking care in creation, original signed Corita silk-screens are still available from twenty to one hundred fifty dollars each, unframed. The Thoreau prints are for sale in limited numbers and inquiries may be made by writing The Birmingham Galleries, 1025 Haynes, Birmingham, MI 48011 or by telephoning (313) 642-7455 between ten and six Monday through Saturdays.

Corita on Thoreau is a most unusual experience.

GEORGE STURT AND THOREAU by Walter Harding

George Sturt is a now almost forgotten English essayist of the turn of the century. He was born in Farnham, Surrey, in 1863, and early came under the influence of Ruskin. Adopting Ruskin's beliefs in the values of craft work, he spent most of his life as a wheelwright in nearby Bourne, from time to time issuing books and essays under the pen-name of George Bourne. Among the best known of these is The Wheelwright's Shop (1923) and the autobiographical Small Boy in the Sixties (1927). He was a friend of Henry Salt, the

English biographer of Thoreau, and it was probably Salt who first called his attention to the writings of Thoreau. Sturt died in 1927.

Sturt's Journals, edited by E. D. MacKerness, have recently been published by Cambridge University Press (1967, 2 vols.), and with the kind permission of the Press we herewith reproduce some of Sturt's comments therein on Thoreau. These are by no means all of the journal remarks on Thoreau, but they are a representative sampling that I hope may lead others to read further in Sturt's journals, not only for their perceptive comments on Thoreau but for the intrinsic interest of the journals themselves. I am, incidentally, indebted to Dr. Louis Dickens of Rochester, New York, for first calling Sturt's comments on Thoreau to my attention.

21 October 1890. Those who have read Thoreau's 'Walden' will remember his friend the Canadian wood-chopper,--'a Homeric man', of whom Thoreau says it was never quite certain whether his seeming childish ignorance were not really a more profound wisdom than the knowledge gained in universities. Unaware of such learning, he was a man, says Thoreau, who had never passed out of the 'unconscious' condition of children and savages, and he was a stranger for ever to the speculations of philosophy. To the self-conscious Thoreau, taking the mastery of his own life, consciously choosing at every step, this man, Homeric, and as it were at the other end of civilization, affords a strange contrast; and to the reader of the book presents an alternative of happiness, that the healthy animal, unanxious, absorbing unknown delight through the very skin. But the immediate interest in the man comes from Thoreau's surmise, that his unconsciousness was a matter of training; that it was no element in his own nature, but in the methods of his teacher the Canadian priest, that had detained him still on the threshold of life--out-of-doors and exoteric to thought. There are always many in a like state of unconsciousness, though the happy disposition, the cleanness of blood and tissue is not so common. But before the conflicting claims of conscious and unconscious living need deciding, or the choice between them comes to be made, it is a question how far the choice is in our hands. Is this intellectual thinking life a thing inherited by only some, or is the faculty only undeveloped in all, and grown-over? In any school there will be some boys to whom it is as easy to learn their Euclid as to scamp it and lie about it: while others find it a sealed mystery. If the difference is only, or even mainly, one of training, the influences in each case must date back to a very early period, and will be proportionally harder to trace. But by carefully observing in one's own present life every circumstance that assists or hinders consecutive thought, it might be possible to throw much light on the obscurity. For after all, man is only the child magnified: happy if not by a distorting lens, that develops some features and blots out others. The make-up of the man is not changed; but as some air will stimulate and other again depress the bodily functions, at whatever age, so...the 'atmosphere of morals' may have its influence on people of different ages. This suggests the idea that the vaccination of children may not be altogether wise, since the tissues of the child's body are so tender and... (the) immunity from deadly epidemic may be purchased by a general weakness and lack of development: and the visions that

the blood poisoned by inoculation may present to the infant brain may have an ill effect on the subsequent character...

26 October (Sunday Evening) Have just finished Thoreau's 'Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers'. At this present time, there is no man who speaks to me through his books so intimately as Thoreau. He is commonly spoken of by the essayist with a half-concealed pity,--as an ascetic; and then, in the same breath almost, as a self-indulgent man, who besotted himself with solitude, instead of spirits. So John Morley, in his Memoir introductory to Emerson's Essays, writes of Thoreau as 'that strange visionary'. But we know J.M. and his parliamentary language. The same breed of critics calls Thoreau 'crazy' that applied the epithet to John Brown and Thoreau has nailed up some of their base coin.

To me it seems that no man, of those who leave their record in books, has known so well the value of life; and few of any sort have so well practised what they knew. 'I came into this world', he says, 'not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad.' And so through all his books, and in what record I can find of him from other sources, I think of him as a man who has taken his life in hand, to live it, not, like the most of us, as he must, with a weak servility to circumstance, but as he will. No house-walls of convention or narrow passages of duty shut him in to breathe their close air; but like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, he is free at every minute to accept the best that the minute offers, and make it his own. Without special aim or life-purpose, he arrives at a kind of 'universal here',--a 'strange vision' indeed, to a man steaming on prescribed rails of purpose to--somewhere else. 'Self-indulgent'--why not? Certainly he was no ascetic; but rather a hedonist, whose delight, however, was the sweetness of the clean smell of fir trees and the fresh-ploughed-up land. His books have that fresh odour about them, as of lavender between the pages. He startles one sometimes, as with a sudden glimpse of the forest; and the frequent hints of open-air pass into the mind, like whiffs from the sea, or from some bean-field, through an open window. He lives in the open air, and it keeps his books wholesome. What a contrast that is (yet quite unconscious of rhetoric) in the essay called 'Paradise (to be) regained', where, after quoting Mr. Etzler's schemes for 'porticos adorned with columns', 'crystal-like colonnades' to be 'illuminated by gas-light', Thoreau goes on to talk of 'the small private but both constant and accumulated force, which stands behind every spade in the field'. 'This it is', he continues, 'that makes the valleys shine, and the deserts really bloom', and here, the reader feels, is a full deep breath of air at last possible.

Perhaps the accusation is deserved, of over-refinement and hypersensitiveness. It may be that he had some of the share of these traits that should belong to his critics,--who have too often been fitted up with mere fine manners, like diamonds of paste. The ordinary man resents, as a reflection on his more doggish nature, such passages as the following, from the essay on 'Life Without Principle'. 'Not without a slight shudder at the danger, I often perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair,--the news of the street; and I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish...' and again, 'Think of admitting the details of a sin-

gle case of the criminal court into our thoughts, to stalk profanely through their very sanctum sanctorum for an hour, ay, for many hours! to make a very bar-room of the mind's inmost apartment...' His books teem with such passages; and it may be questioned, whether there may not be a largeness of mind more desirable even than the purity, as of mountain-air, that Thoreau aspired to. There is a higher health than mere wholesomeness and absence of disease. It is recorded of Jesus, that 'virtue went out of him', --his transcending health overflowed, and became healing-power. And it is one of the functions of the pure blood, to absorb the waste which is uncleanness in the veins, and to consume it; but never to pass it by. A fellow-countryman of Thoreau's, Walt Whitman, exhibits that catholicity of mind, which is able to contemplate meanness and depravity, and not only not be soiled by it, but restore some wholesomeness to its foulness: like that great chemistry, observed by Whitman, by which the earth receives all manner of putridity, and puts it forth again in flowers. (Let him not be confounded with the religious sentimentalist, who would make butter of Thames mud). Certainly Whitman's seems the stronger position, in this work-a-day world.

But it must be remembered, that it was against this work-a-day world that Thoreau protested. By a cruel satire, the would-be refined and delicate find themselves sharing the unclean coarseness of the street; and this under pressure of so strong a necessity, that they accuse him of Plarisaism, who invites the world to a higher plane. And yet surely, the process they submit to is a levelling-down. Let them rather clean their streets, as Thoreau suggests. Sunlight such as Whitman's, shining on the evil as well as the good, is not best employed in drying up a swamp. The virtue that goes out to heal the sick, might also go out to rejoice the whole.

Of course no-one would defend this taste for police-news: but then many indulge it, as though they were amateurs of murder and divorce. And it seems probably that Thoreau's scorn heaped upon all that belongs to newspapers, and not spared to the trivialities of life, was partly hyperbole designed purposely to shock the callous into thought. Where strong measures are needed, they must be applied: galvanism to the paralytic, massage and turkish-baths to the criminal. Besides, he does not preach what he did not himself practise. A sympathetic reading of his books will disclose in him a deep and intense delight in life, such as is attained by very few. He talks from a higher plane, because that is where he stood. Every moment had something good to offer him, and he made it his business to seize it. He wished to live in the nick of time. With so much to attend to, how could he spare valuable time, to waste it on affairs that yielded him no return? He was a very miser of life:--never a gambler with it. His close observations on natural history reveal a man ever on the alert with all his faculties; and he may well be excused, for trying to rouse us out of lethargy into similar wakefulness. If he had to shout at times, the fault was less his than ours. Who would sleep through such a pageant, as he plainly saw in this life? His humour is just that of a happy holiday-keeper: as when, speaking of a lethargy he felt once ('once'! not more?) he says 'it fairly overcame my Nervii'.

16 November (Sunday) a dull-weathered day, inclined to misty rain. The leaf-colours on the grass in the Park (before dinner) very striking. The grass itself grows with a richer green, between the yellow and

brown leaves: so too do the beech-stems. 'Something in that long stretch of fallen leaves, with bare-twigged trees dim against the sky, aroused a feeling as of later winter, with snow on ground: yet by no means of desolation, and preparation for spring vigour. 'The woods were long austere with snow' came recurring through my brain: and the whole sense of the morning was of mild austerity--the year bidding farewell to the summer glory,--retiring in time, to renew its strength.

I have been reading since, with intervals of sleep and desultory meditation, Salt's 'Life of Thoreau'. A well-done book, and entertaining. I am not quite sure, though, that I care for biographies of such men as Thoreau: they are too apt to suggest and insist upon a partial view of a whole man. But Salt keeps himself well in the background, and is besides vastly sympathetic:--to a certain degree; i.e. as far as he can follow Thoreau. I think--but the book had better be finished, before I criticise.

But I felt a slight disappointment to find that the Walden life was at all traceable to theories--of Transcendentalism and the rest: that it was at all related to the Brook Farm experiments. I had always liked to think of it as quite a spontaneous choice,--a thing done almost on the spur of the moment: at least the result of impulse and not of conviction at all. Social duty, even when it develops so healthy a task, as that for growing one's own beans, is not the final watch-word; nor can I believe that Thoreau conceived it as such. There is so much talk nowadays about 'exalted aims', 'great ideals', 'high thinking' and so forth:--jolly fine too, by the way:--yet it isn't possible that Thoreau cared, whether he was thinking high or low. Or was there in his character after all that concession to accepted standards? I don't see how it is settled, what is high and what low. The terms are merely relative to the earth's centre: there you reach the lowest, and passing through and away from it on the other side, you reach what is high, and find it to be merely extreme. Is the earth higher than any of the planets? or how shall one compare them? These highnesses and lownesses are so superficial, and yet we make so much of them. It would matter less, if we always accepted, and never overlooked, the broad base of common humanity; because then the differences would be credited with their true importance and proportions: but too often that deep ocean is nothing to us but its waves and ripples.

A REPRINT OF THE THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETIN

We are delighted to announce that the long promised reprint of the first one hundred numbers of the THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETIN as a bound volume will be available in June. It is to be published by the Johnson Reprint Corp., 111 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003 and the price will be \$15.00. Copies should be ordered directly from the Johnson Reprint Corp.

THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETINS 1-101 are also available on microfilm. The cost is \$3.50 for the entire series. These should be ordered from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

The following back issues of the bulletin are available from the secretary for 25¢ each: 12, 13, 15, 21-62, 65, 66, 69, 70, 73-79, 81-83, 85-96, 98-99, 101, 103-110. Bulletins 1-9 have been reprinted as a unit for 50¢. Booklets 5, 8, 10, 14, 22, and 24 are available at 50¢ each and Booklets 6, 7, 16, and 23 at \$1.00 each.

- Alcott, A. Bronson. *THE LETTERS OF*. Edited by Richard L. Herrin. Ames: Iowa State Univ. Press, 1969. 846pp. \$19.50. Surely one of the most important scholarly publications in the field of Transcendentalism in recent years. Here are more than 800 pages of letters written by one of Thoreau's closest friends. It makes fascinating reading and presents a comprehensive picture of the intellectual life of Thoreau's circle. Meanwhile it also sheds new light on all sorts of facets of Thoreau's biography—for example, that the Hallowell farm that Thoreau once thought of buying was available at \$1000; that *A WEEK* was "in press" on June 13, 1847 and *WALDEN* on March 30, 1853—or, at least Alcott thought they were; that Alcott thought the Rowse crayon portrait made Thoreau look too much the gentleman; that Thoreau so far as marriage was concerned was a "cold coy Boy"; after reading Lowell's 1865 denunciation of Thoreau, Alcott crossed Lowell off his list of friends; Alcott could not conceive of a mate for Thoreau; and Ricketson's bust of Thoreau was done as early as 1878. As I've said, a gold mine of information for Thoreauvians.
- Allard, H.A. & E.C. Leonard. "Plants Collected in the Lake Metamora Region, Piscataquis and Penobscot Counties, Maine." *CASIMIRA*, 10 (1945), 13-16. Comments on Thoreau's botanical findings in MAINE WOODS.
- Allison, Hildreth M. "Man on a Mountain," *APPALACHIA*, 26 (June, 1947), 361-363. Thoreau on Monadnock.
- Anderson, Charles. *MAGIC CIRCLE OF WALDEN*. Review. *ENGLISH QUARTERLY* [Kyoto, Japan], Feb. 1970. Text in Japanese.
- "Thoreau's Monastic Vows," *ETUDES ANGLAISES* (Jan. 1969), 11-20.
- Ballou, Ellen R. *THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE: HOUGHTON MIFFLIN'S FORMATIVE YEARS*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1970. 695pp. \$12.50. A history of Thoreau's hereditary publisher, with frequent comment on the publication of Thoreau's works. Most interesting is the reproduction of Thoreau's *WALDEN* contract (pp. 150-151) revealing he obtained a 15% royalty—well above standard rates at the time; Sophia Thoreau's financial arrangements after Henry's death (pp. 597-598), and the controversy over the publication of Thoreau's journals (pp. 488-489). A very candid and enlightening book.
- Bellman, Samuel. "Thoreau on Poetry," *THOREAU JOURN. QUART.*, 2 (April 15, 1970), 16. A poem.
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Orwen,B.Pierce,J.Shanley,G.Saito,R.Schaedle,J.Scott,R.Stowell,J.Vickers,D.Watt,D.Williams,W.White, and E.Zeitlin. Please keep the secretary informed of items he has missed and new items as they appear.

A Heritage She Leaves To Concord



BIDDING FAREWELL TO CONCORD, a town she had done so much for, Gladys H. Hosmer is borne to the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in the old Town Hearse now owned by Joseph Dee & Son Funeral Home. Several years ago Charles Dee and Gladys had made an agreement and Mr. Dee carried out her wishes. The hearse had not been used since 1935 at the 300th anniversary of the Town of Concord.

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will long recall her graciousness as a hostess.

Mrs. Hosmer received her A.B. from Radcliffe in 1909 and later served as alumnae trustee. She also received her Ed.M. from the Harvard Graduate School of Education in 1924, and in 1955 did graduate work at the Harvard-Radcliffe Institute of History and Archival Management. She was appointed the first Chairman of Concord Records and Archives in 1955 and remained active on the committee for the rest of her life. She was active in the Concord Anti-quarian Society and many other local organizations. She was long a member of the Women's National Farm & Garden Association and served a term as its vice-president.

"Colorful" was a word that could always be applied to Gladys Hosmer. Many of us will remember her most vividly, I think, at the dedication of the new plaque at the cairn at the time of the 1968 annual meeting, dressed in her blue ensemble with the huge picture-book hat. (I had taken a group of my students to attend that meeting and when I came into class the next Monday morning I found every member of the class wearing a home-made "Gladys Hosmer Fan Club" button.)

Her funeral was held in Trinity Episcopal Church, across from her home on Elm Street, on March 3, 1970. At her request she was borne slowly through the streets of Concord to her burial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in the horse-drawn town hearse, built in 1860, used at the funerals of Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Emerson, and last used in 1918. Meanwhile the First Parish Church bell tolled 83 times to mark the years of her life. It was one of the most memorable funerals of modern Concord and as many said to each other, "Gladys would have liked this."

Our Thoreau Society and its annual meetings will not be the same without Gladys Hosmer. We shall all long miss her. It is in loving memory that we dedicate this issue of the bulletin to her.

"THE NIGHT THOREAU SPENT IN JAIL" . . .

Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, the Broadway playwrights and authors of "Inherit the Wind," "Auntie Mame," and "Mame," have written a full-length play entitled "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail." It has been released to the American Playwrights Theatre and is scheduled for production in at least 45 community and college theatres across the land. The premiere will be at Ohio State University on April 21, 1970. Among the other communities where it will later be given are Minneapolis; Fulton, Mo.; Modesto, Calif.; Greenville, N.C.; Brockport, N.Y.; Detroit, Mich.; Berea, Ohio; Moylan, Pa.; Hiram, Ohio; Cedar Falls, Iowa; Shreveport, La.; Rochester, N.Y.; San Diego, Calif.; Cape Girardeau, Miss.; Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Virginia, Minn.; Peoria, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Bellingham, Wash.; St. Paul, Minn.; Georgetown, Tex.; Portales, N.M.; Cullowhee, N.C.; Athens, Ohio; Eugene, Ore.; Stockton, Calif.; Muskegon, Mich.; Wichita, Kans.; Whittier, Calif.; Charlottesville, Va.; Concord, Mass.; Fort Worth, Tex.; New Paltz, N.Y.; San Francisco, Calif.; Des Moines, Iowa; Fullerton, Calif.; Delaware, Ohio; Springfield, Ohio; DeKalb, Ill.; Rutherford, N.J.; Chicago, Ill.; Redlands, Calif.; Evanston, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif., and more theatre groups signing up all the time. Although we have not seen the play as yet, we have read it and recommend it heartily as demonstrating a profound understanding of Thoreau the man, what he stood for, and the pertinence of his ideas today.



H. D. Thoreau's Birthplace Drawn by T.M. with a Thoreau pencil

We are very much indebted to Mr. Thoreau MacDonald, the well-known Canadian artist, for permission to print here his sketch of Thoreau's Virginia Road birthplace as it once looked--the sketch appropriately enough drawn with a Thoreau pencil. We are also indebted to Russell Ready for calling the sketch to our attention and to L. Bruce Pierce for his extensive labors in producing a reproduction of the sketch for our use.

Mr. MacDonald, incidentally, tells us that he once owned a copy of WALDEN that had been owned by Dr. R. M. Bucke, the Whitman disciple and author of COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, in which Bucke had written after a visit from John Burroughs and Walt Whitman: Aug. 29, 1880. This morning at breakfast we were speaking of Thoreau--I said--"his style is very like Emerson's; he must have read Emerson a good

deal." Walt Whitman said "When John Burroughs went to see Thoreau's mother & sister who almost worshipped him & revered his memory extremely, one of them said to J.B. "Emerson was very fond of Henry & was so much with him that he caught his style."

NOTES AND QUERIES . . .

New life members of the Thoreau Society: Mr. Edmund Fenn and Miss Mary Gail Fenn of Concord, Mass. and Mrs. Roland Reim of New Ulm, Minn. Life membership in the Thoreau Society is fifty dollars.

We are delighted to learn that the Town of Concord has just named Ruth Robinson Wheeler "Honored Citizen of Concord" and we know of no one who more deserves the title. She is the author of CONCORD: CLIMATE FOR FREEDOM, the best history of Concord, and of many pamphlets and articles on Concord history. She is a member of the executive committee of the Thoreau Society and was for many years its vice-president.

Mary Gail Fenn of Concord and Douglas Noverr of Oxford, Ohio, write that the basis for the statement in Bulletin 110 that Thoreau "kept a dog to stir up the dead air in a room" is his journal entry for Aug. 11, 1852 (IV, 294) that "C[hanning] says he keeps a dog for society, to stir up the air of the room when it becomes dead."

Miss Joanne Johnston (Upstairs Apt., 118 Sioux St., Sioux City, Iowa 51103) has a number of books about Thoreau she would like to exchange for others.

Roger Evans, Box E, Swarthmore, Pa., writes to ask if it is true that the S.D.S. (Students for a Democratic Society) activist group, the Weathermen, derived their name from Thoreau as some say. We understand they derived it from Bob Dylan's song "Subterranean Homesick Blues" which says, "You don't need to be a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." But since Dylan is supposed to be a Thoreau enthusiast, perhaps he derived his line from Thoreau. Can anyone answer the question?

Prof. Robert F. Stowell (English Dept., University of Canterbury, Christchurch 1, New Zealand) is editing a volume of poems about Thoreau. It will include poems by James Russell Lowell, Ellery Channing, Emerson, Louisa May Alcott, Yeats, Paul Engle, August Derleth, Robert Francis, Joseph Langland, Philip Booth and many others and will conclude with a bibliography of all known poems about Thoreau. He would be grateful to have little known poems about Thoreau called to his attention.

Hans Gottschalk (SUNY, Geneseo, N.Y.) asks where Thoreau said something to the effect that "the Lord did not send us into this world without a little spending money."

A January 15, 1970 King Features cartoon by Jerry Marcus shows a harried housewife surrounded by dogs, cats, and children, saying to herself, "Sometimes I envy all those women who lead lives of quiet desperation."

A cartoon by Rodrigues in the WILSON LIBRARY BULLETIN for October 1969 shows a blatant roadside stand advertising, "Last Pizza Before Walden Pond."

An article by David M. Gates on "Exploitation, Evolution and Ecology" in the Dec. 1968 TECHNOLOGY REVIEW is illustrated by a number of superb photographs of Walden Pond by Henry Bugbee Kane.

"Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only."
--WALDEN.